

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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GENIAL GREATHEART;

THE JOTTINGS OF A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

EDITED BY S. LEAVITT.

CHAP. III.

FINCHING STITCH.

"Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—Psalm of David.

A few evenings after that upon which we left 'my charge' in Wall Street, finds him, the weather having suddenly changed, seated beside the winter cheering grate in the easy-lit, back parlor of his hostess, surrounded by several members of the household. A fitting opportunity this, to introduce the reader to the Bayard family.

But first, a description of the room would be in order. The space on each side of the fireplace are filled by glass-enclosed book cases, whose shelves are replenished with the cream of ancient and modern literature. The usual parlor table and pier glass, extend extension table and chandelier, are in their usual places; as is also the inevitable daguerreotype-covered side-table; while an old-fashioned massive side-board abounding in mysterious recesses, stands against the wall opposite the fire. A small oval, rocking chair, a couple of ottomans, and a due allowance of chairs, complete the furniture of the room; if we except the dozen soul-stirring engravings in simple frames, and the statuettes of Dante, Shiller and Tasso, placed on hanging pedestals, which adorn the walls.

We come now to the living furniture. Two ladies sit on the sofa, which forms an acute angle with the fire. On the opposite side of the fire, seated in perfect dignity in the arm-chair afore-said, behold him who is honored by the reception of my special care. Beside him, newspaper in hand, sits a young man of 25.

The matronly appearance of the elder of the two ladies reveals the *matron familia*. Mrs. Bayard, whose every-looked head, and whose face, indicative of one of benevolence and strength of character, shows her to be a model "head of the family"—has gone through an ordinary history, and one quickly narrated. She was born into the middle rank, was early won, early baptized, and in the age of childhood was her husband, a man of culture and lofty aspirations, fell in manhood's strength to the bottom of another earth, a lightning-struck oak.

Look next at the main stay of the family, the young man Allan, who is already a popular architect. No wonder that Greatheart felt drawn toward this family; for Allan's character is a counterpart of his own; moreover, the latter finding his own noble nature crowned with the glory of age, in the person of his guest, naturally enough adores him. Possessed of his height, graceful, accomplished with looks which irresistibly upon every glance, which may be safely pronounced a person who will make himself felt in whatever society his lot may be cast.

"But about that other lady," impatiently cry some readers. Right, romance lovers, this other's not a sister! The daughter of a dear friend of Mrs. Bayard, while ago gone higher—Eleanor Vinton came but lately to the house, having obtained a situation in a neighboring school. Of course there are already well-patented as to the arising of a difficulty between her and Allan, and of course nobody ever anticipated such a result of her coming. But mark her as she sits; while dignity and diffidence attend her, for the control of her features. Saw you often a scorching blow, a clearer eye, one which spoke more plainly of the ability of the soul whose window it was "to be, to do and to suffer."

But who comes now so radiant? Allow me! Miss Agnes, matron 17, and Master Ralph, etatis 14. A weird, uncanny being is Agnes, with her sibil, ethereal, though beautiful eyes, hair and cast of features. She possesses in an unusual degree many of those qualities which have caused woman to be called an enigma. Her mind you can as it were measure geometrically, and analyze chemically; but the true woman has yet never been taught but an enigma because, like the word of God, she must be spiritually discerned; and the race have never yet been spiritual enough, whether men or women, to comprehend the more delicate machinery of the female mind. In the eyes of the savage, she is tolerable as a furtherer of animal pleasure, and a better than no beast of burden. In the eyes of the civilized man, she is an excessively interesting and agreeable creature; but he is often angry with himself for the apparently unreasonable adoration which he feels impelled to pay her as an intelligence, when he considers that she has as yet really performed so little compared with himself.

The fact is—as we Spirituals can realize far better than those who are still in the flesh—woman's equality with man could never have been proved before this age; for never before has there been an opportunity for the exercise of that high range of human faculties, in which her great strength lies. Therefore, is it, that she has been an enigma. Censured

as she was that some mysterious powers, still latent in her, made her man's equal; yet conscious also of her inability to show herself such as she was—imagined to be through the long ages when brute force alone commanded respect—and in her present agency, with all intellectual faculties occupies its place in the public estimation. But at last the *Spiritualist* has come, and with it appreciation, accurate labor, disabusement for women.

But we turn too long from the spiritual Agnes. The difference which would most strike one in comparing her with Eleanor Vinton, would be with regard to positivity; the latter being evidently best fitted for the "sterner emergencies of life," whereas Agnes has but little of the heroine or tragedy queen about her. Still they both answer very well to Scott's definition of the female character, where he speaks of woman as

"Faint, soft and true to please,
And vainly earthy shade
By the high quivering given mate."

Scott, by the way, has herein given us an epitome of the impression that woman's ways have made upon man, in consequence of her having been hitherto always more or less out of her sphere. In the good time coming, all her apparent inconsistencies will continually melt into harmonies, exquisitely pleasing to sight; as do the no-matter how rapidly changing pictures of a kaleidoscope.

But all this while Ralph remains deep. He being as yet but an undeveloped boy, we cannot speak very definitely concerning him; and will only characterize him as a brave, bluff, generous, hearty and handsome lad—as happy in the society of so many loving friends as he conceives it possible for any one to be.

Two such fiery Spirits as the brother and sister, would have become rather uneasy if they were forced to wait at a parlor door thus long, while "a lot of people that they didn't care a fig for," were being enlightened as to the character of the new comers; but fortunately, our young friends met with no such detention.

"Room for the ladies' room!" cries Agnes, as she presses in between her brother Allan and "uncle Sol," as she has dubbed my charge, being quite deeply impressed with his sagacity. Having succeeded in forcing a passage in spite of

"The various hindrances she meets"

from her brother, who remarks that he feels "very comfortable," directed herself on a low stool, and resting her head on the old man's knee, gazed into the fire without speaking another word to any one present; while the expression of perfect content which her face exhibited was not ill-looking.

"Does her dearship know that she is in a magic circle, and that she cannot move her rather interesting head from its present position, for at least an hour?" said Greatheart.

"Such charms have no power over direct," answered Agnes without moving.

"Well, try to get away."

"I am doing very well."

"Ah! conscious of psychological restraint, eh?"

"As you like it," was the only answer vouchsafed, but the upturning face spoke volumes.

After she had gazed awhile longer into the fire, the warm outgoing of her pure heart seemed to turn toward her own kin; for her hand, as she still rested her head on the old man's knee, now hunted for and found that of her brother; who in turn fastened his other hand to away among her clustering curls; this all transpiring, so harmonious in this family circle, without interrupting the reverie into which all but Ralph, who was reading had fallen.

At length, looking up again, Agnes said: "Uncle, sometimes in such solemn hours as this, I feel considerable anxiety when I consider how essentially we have departed from the views entertained by our ancestors."

"Dear child," he answered, "be strong and of good courage. We are indeed swinging loose from what we have to be safe anchorage, and are pushing on into unknown waters; are suffering ourselves to be borne by a rapid torrent, the Spirit of the age, into unexplored regions, but

"With Christ in the vessel,
No danger will befall;
Our captain and pilot,
Knows which way to steer."

"We may be perfectly sure that we will be brought into still better anchorage. But I suppose you were thinking especially about the horrible part of the old creed, for instance the doctrine of endless retribution."

"By way of giving you at least a temporary relief, if you will hand me that volume of D'Aubigne's *Yonder*, I will read you a passage."

The book obtained, he read:

"It had been expected that Corpus Christi should be kept with much ceremony at Elisheim. The Vicar General was to be present; Luther attended. He still felt his need of Stanpitz, and took every opportunity of being in company with that enlightened guide, who helped forward his soul in the way of life. The procession was numerous and gaudy. Stanpitz himself carried the host, Luther followed next in priestly garments. The thought that Jesus Christ himself was borne before him by the Vicar General, the idea that the Lord in person was present, suddenly struck upon Luther's imagination, and so overpowered him, that it was with difficulty he went forward, he staggered and thought he should die in the agony of his fear; at last the procession stopped. The host which had awakened the monk's terrors, was reverently deposited in the sacristy, and Luther left alone with Stanpitz, threw himself into his arms, and confessed the cause of his fear. Then the Vicar General, who had long known that gracious Savior who breaks not the bruised reed, gently whispered:—

"Dear brother, it was not Jesus Christ, for Christ does not terrify, he ever comforts."

"So no," said he, handing her the book, "do I say to you. That part of your former belief, which has ever been such a fruitful cause of insanity, is not God's truth; for it ever gives joy to the godly. It is only because the souls of us microcosms and the great macrocosm about us, have ever so stoutly given the lie to the dogma of endless perdition—that all we who were nominally receivers of it, have not become insane in pondering it. O friends, I am an aged man sitting in the solemn night on this fallen earth—where frost, snow, tempests, earthquakes, pestilences, famine, murder and innumerable other Gehenna ballads' abound—surrounded by all the elements of a hell—do nevertheless avow my belief that this universe was intended by its Maker for a happy universe, and that each of its earths will in some stage of their history, become such. I can come to no other conclusion, though with the strength of my being, I have cried unto its Maker and unto it, 'tell me are any human creatures to be through endlessness tormented?' The still small voice of the one, and the mute yet unmistakable response of the other ever says, 'Nay verily!'"

"The only perfectly safe position for us on this question, however, is that assumed by your beloved Tennyson, where he says:—
"Behold! we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last, far off, at last to all;
And every Winter change to Spring.
So runs my dream; but what am I;
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."
And again—
The wish that of the living whole,
No life may fall beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have,
The likeliest Word within the soul."

"I have been wanting to have another talk with you, sir," here interposed Allan, "about the evil that is in this and the other world. I mix so much with the Davis school of Spiritualists, that I find it necessary to put forth a strong and continuous effort—so strong and positive is the sphere which surrounds them—in order that I may retain what I feel to be the true view on this subject."

"You do well, you do well," responded Greatheart, "to bring up the subject on every possible occasion. Now, while there is no unity, and no religious meetings or papers amongst the Old School Spiritualists, they stand in a perilous position. Dozens of them go over to the other side every week, because—having no longer any disposition to attend the religious meetings of the churches or read their papers, and having none of their own—they are forced to seek exclusively the meetings and papers of the New School. I myself, must confess, that I labor under the same difficulty that you do. I find that it takes twice as much prayer, meditation and Scripture—searching to keep me straight as it did while I was strictly orthodox."

"Really, it is quite refreshing," said Mrs. Bayard, "to hear any old fashioned talk. What with no really religious meetings worth attending; for the orthodox are too intolerably bigoted or ignorant, and the Spiritualists are more taken up just now with science than with religion; and what with the absorption of you, gentlemen, in so many new ideas—I am like the old women we read about in the good books and missionary heralds; who, living in isolated places, come to consider 'a real gospel sermon,' as the greatest of blessings."

"We men, deserve a severer rebuke than you have bestowed upon us," answered Greatheart. "We have erred in this matter. And now by way of making some amends, let us take a look at this controversy concerning hell or no hell, devils or no devils. Will that suit my pretty prisoner, eh?"

What say you, Agnes?"

"Yes, yes, uncle, by all means talk about it. You think, perhaps, that I am a trifling, thoughtless girl, who never concerns herself about such things; but I have had my troubles about this question as well as my elders."

"Well, come, you are clairvoyant, what do you say? Our new friends tell us that the old book and our hitherto venerated forefathers were entirely behind the lighthouse on this grave question. Come, what says the Pythoness? Be assured, O Priestess of the great God Apollo, we shall not count you a Cassandra."

"I don't know, uncle, I feel as much like crying as like joking when this subject comes up. The sudden blaze of light which has been let in on the doctrine, has so illumined even the darker part of the theories that we still hold upon the subject—that it seems for the moment to prevent them from having their due effect upon us. It seems as though to us, also, this world and the Spirit-world as they were, as they are, and they will be—were becoming one great Vanity Fair; or as Carlyle expresses it in that queer passage you showed me the other day, 'a grinning dance of apes,' with nowhere any thing horrible, anything even sublime."

"Well spoken, verily. You can't think, child, how you stir my old blood. You have uttered some saddest verities. This state of things will not last, however; already the violence of the reaction begins to subside, and many Spiritualists begin to tend toward a sober middle position, half-way between Davis and the old puritans."

"I don't know much about Davis," remarked Mrs. Bayard, "but I do know that it is a pretty serious business for us to reject one of the corner stones of the old puritan faith. Serious, I say, because this matter of hell or no hell is so vastly important a matter; since if it should turn out as I think it will, that there is one, it will also turn out that some mortals must go there. To be sure, I can't believe that folks will have to be punished for

entertaining wrong opinions; but somehow I feel that while the subject is still so much shrouded in mystery, while there is still so much to be said *pro* as well as *con*, it behooves us to be very careful as to what course our thoughts take upon it."

"Ah, what could we do without you old folks?" rejoined her grey-haired *vis-a-vis*, smiling; "we hot-headed youngsters, would surely go to destruction without your conservative efforts in our behalf."

"Really, uncle Sol," here interrupted Eleanor Vinton, "for I will insist on adopting Agnes' mode of address, I wish you would proceed more energetically in the discussion of the subject in hand. You were talking the other day about women being variable as the shade of the aspen leaf. I should think you might as well take the accusation to yourself."

Having thus spoken—Eleanor apparently feeling that with her usual impetuosity she had gone too far; especially when now she noticed a quizzical look in a certain pair of black eyes—turned involuntarily as if for protection toward her maternally neighbor, and resting her face against the latter's shoulder, awaited her fate."

"Now, will I deliver these over unto the bullettings of Satan, or one more cruel, impudent dandel," cried her tormenting uncle, "seize her, Allan, and inflict due chastisement!"

Allan, after a slight frown of obedience, over come by the ludicrousness of the *tout ensemble* of the scene, broke into as loud a laugh as he was ever guilty of, exclaiming, "truly, we are a proper set to establish a council which is to overthrow and bring to naught the decisions of those grave dignitaries who met at Nice, Trent, and Worms."

Then, suddenly, a change came over his features, and a tear stood in his eye as he exclaimed in a solemn tone: "But, O, it is a most earnest thing to be alive in this world; to die never was 'sport to man,' and though I rejoice to feel at liberty to make merry over the most important subjects, I feel also that there is a deadly solemn side to them." Then again relaxing from the intensity of his solemnity, he continued: "What a pleasant and profitable time we have in these rambling conversations, after all. I look forward to good results from the continuance of them. But bed-time has overtaken us, and the oceans of thought that we can profitably intercommunicate on even this one subject must needs be restrained."

So, often chatted the Bayard family on the highest matters. We will follow them yet again and again.

A VISION.

We are kindly favored by Judge Edmonds with two extracts from his forthcoming work—"Spiritualism," which will appear early in this month—only one of which we are able to give this week. The following was given through Judge E. in the form of a vision:

They have taken me to the darker spheres.—There I see countless number of Spirits, of various hues of blackness, amid that dark and murky atmosphere, so dark and thick that it would seem almost palpable to the senses.

There, amid that cold and watery and cheerless air, amid that repulsive gloom, I see those countless myriads, as it were, under the influence of the darkest passions and vilest propensities of the human heart, like a seething caldron filled with human misery and set into never-ending motion by the lurid and enduring flame of human passions.

Spread out before me is a vast country, its surface level, its soil bleak and desolate, with naught to relieve its dreary monotony, naught to indicate life in itself, but a few sickly and disgusting plants, that seem to have sprung up and grown in darkness.

There is a restlessness about those inhabitants that is terrible to behold, for it speaks of the worm that never dies, it tells in language not to be mistaken, that its gnawings are incessant, that its torments never cease. That worm is memory, and with all who people that immense desert, it is ever busy in discharging its duty as a minister of the Most High God, ever active in the performance of its terrible task of retribution. Like a hissing serpent, it is ever following the heels of those whose past was evil. Like a consuming fire, it is ever at work at its task of burning and purifying the heart. Like the dread of impending evil, it is throwing upon the corrupted heart the numbing chill of its fear. Like the air they breathe, it is ever infusing into them its deadly venom. Like the life-giving principle which surrounds them, it is ever imparting new life and activity to its office of punishment for sin.

It needs the aid of no material flame to infuse suffering into the heart. It needs no chains of earthly iron to bind the fallen soul to the dark soil in which it grovels. It needs no galling fetters to have its iron enter that soul; but, alone, unconquerable, unceasing, ever active, from its blinding embrace there is no escape, from its devastating breath there is no refuge. It fills the ear with an acute pang that pauses but to increase its might with renewed effort. It flows in upon the eye but to light it up with a lurid flame, glowing like a burning coal, and relieved only by its centre-spot of intense blackness, which proclaims the hue of the soul that looks out through it upon the world around. It invades the taste, and while its sweetest tempts to indulgence, the bitter and burning feeling that follows but speaks the inner condition still. To the nostrils it is pleasant and captivating, but it ever leaves behind a putrid and offensive scent that speaks of the corruption that is festering within. Felt throughout the surface as a cool and invigorating breeze, it instills into every vein, infuses into every bone, pours upon the extremity of every

nerve torments that rival the agony that is buried deep beneath that surface.

Thus the faculties which have been perverted to purposes of selfish indulgence become ministering Spirits to the demon of memory that ever haunts them, and bear to the suffering heart, to the deepest recesses of the polluted and fallen soul, enduring streams of agony so intense, so overpowering, so omnipotent, that it tells the soul upon which it is exerted, the awful lesson, that nothing short of Almighty power could inflict it.

Oh! could mortals see in the flesh, and ere it be too late, how sad is the ruin the soul can bring on itself, how terrible is the agony which the memory can inflict, how incessant and how insatiate are the senses, in bearing within the soul the punishment that must ever flow from their perversion, they would recoil affrighted from the contemplation of a condition so infinitely more horrible than aught the wildest flight of the imagination ever pictured!

It is now shown to me in this vast concourse before me—in the mass and in each individual. It is seen in a restlessness, a discontent with the present and its employments, a desire to escape to something else, an uneasy and impatient seeking for some relief, which mark the conduct of all who are before me. They are seeking for something, which, alas! they find too often on earth—something that will enable them to forget. But, oh! how vain now the search! The material surroundings which, in their earthly life, through the intoxicating cup of pleasure in its various forms, aided them to drown the voice of the monitor within, have now all left them, and it is in vain they fly for refuge—for they find none. The intoxicating draught can no longer stupefy the senses, the maddening love of pleasure can no longer by its indulgence conquer the reason, and even death, to which so many of them looked for relief, afforded them none when it came, and answers not now to their call. No night with its slumbers comes now to aid them.—No insanity, even, can be invoked as a refuge from thought. No excess of passion, though here it rages with tenfold fury, can bring them the coveted blessing of gratification. And thus they exist, day by day, age upon age, century after century, living monuments, speaking lessons, of the curse of perverted faculties.

And what adds infinite horror to an existence so terrible, is the conviction, instilled into their minds, by their earthly teachings, that it is for eternity.

Toward man, in or out of the form, their hearts burn with a bitter and concentrated hatred, which finds no relief but in inflicting suffering upon each other. Toward the fair face of Nature, whose beauties they slighted, whose lessons they disregarded, their feelings are those of abhorrence; for every feature of it, from the rolling orb that speeds its way through space, to the blade of grass that protrudes its tiny head from the crevices of the rock, is ever proclaiming in their ears the lesson that Nature ever speaks to Nature's God. Toward the Great Creator they look with mingled feelings of defiance and fear—defiance which has followed them from their mortal existence, and which here, as there, is displayed in disobedience of His laws; and fear, lest the power which is full mighty to inflict upon them what they suffer, may yet visit them with even greater misery.

Such is the scene spread out before me. If I ask those who are thus suffering, if there is no refuge? no hope? every heart answers None. I raise my eyes and ask from above, Is there no hope? Far distant I see a faint light. Reposing in its beams I see many pure and bright Spirits, who seem hovering o'er this dark abyss, from which they are repelled by its gloomy atmosphere. From them comes my answer, "Yes, even for these there is hope—even for these the Infinite Father has provided a redemption—even for these he has vouchsafed a Savior; for even in the darkest and vilest heart there, perverted, misshapen, and degraded as it may be, His Spirit still slumbers, and it yet will answer to His voice as it speaks from above. In each soul is the power of its own redemption, and the hour of its redemption will be when it shall have learned the lesson so important to man in every stage of existence—so much easier to be learned and acted upon in his primary existence—that he must work out his own salvation."

And now there appears to me from that distant light a bright and pure Spirit, whose countenance bears the impress of deep grief, and yet of unbounded love, and he says to me:

"Mortal! proclaim this truth to thy fellow-man. To many of us the learning of it has been a long and bitter trial. See that it be not so to you by neglecting the instruction when it can be most available to you; and fear not to proclaim it by any dread of the manner in which man may receive it, for when thou shalt have passed to this sphere of existence, thou wilt meet with many a human soul whose gratitude or whose reproach will attend thy footsteps in thy passage through eternity, as thou dost faithfully perform or basely betray the duty imposed upon thee."

A HEROINE.—Miss Florence Nightingale, the young English lady who, sometime since, sailed for the seat of war in the East with a corps of forty nurses, to minister to the relief of the wounded and suffering soldiers there, is the daughter of a gentleman of wealth named William Shore Nightingale, residing at Embury Park, Derbyshire, and heress to his fortune. She is conversant with many languages, ancient and modern, has traveled much, is a person of fine natural intellect, and possessed of a happy and luxurious home. Her present enterprise is but one of many such benevolent efforts, by which she has distinguished herself.

CHILDREN.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Among all the grateful gifts of summer, none, I think, has been deeper and more various, than the sight of the enjoyment of the children. I do pity children in a city. There is no place for them. The streets are full of bad boys that they must not play with, and the house of furniture that they must not touch. They are always in somebody's way, or making a noise out of proper time—for the twenty-fifth hour of the day is the only time when people think children should be noisy. There is no grass for their feet, nor trees for climbing, no orchard or nut-bush trees for their enterprise.

But here has been a troop of children, of three families, nine that may be called children, (without offence to any sweet fifteen,) that have had the summer before them to disport themselves as they choose. There are no ugly boys to be watched, no dangerous places to fall them, no bulls or wicked hippogriffs to chase them.—They are up and fledged by breakfast, and then they are off in uncircumscribed liberty till dinner. They may go to the barn, or to either of three orchards, or to either of two woods, or to either of two springs, or to grand-ma's (who are the very genii of comfort and gingerbread to children). They can build all manner of structures in wet sand, or paddle in the water, and even get their feet wet, their clothes dirty, or their pantaloons torn, without its being reckoned against them. They scuffle along the road to make a dust in the world, they chase the hens, hunt sly nests, build fires on the rocks in the pastures, and fire off Chinese crackers, until they are surfeited with noise; they can run, wade, halloo, stab their toes, lie down, climb, tumble down, with or without hurting themselves, just as much as they please. They may climb in and out of wagons, sail chips in the water-trough at the barn, fire apples from the sharpened end of a lumber stick, pick up baskets full of brilliant apples in competition with the hired men, proud of being "almost men." Their hands, thank fortune, are never clean, their faces are tanned, their hair tangled within five minutes after combing, and a button is always off somewhere. The day is a creation especially made for children. Our Noble has been at least equal to one hand one foot extra for frolic and mischief, to each of the urchins. But grandest of all joy, highest in the scale of rapture, the last thing talked of before sleep, and the first thing remembered in the morning, is the going for a nutting. Oh! the hunting of little baskets, the irrepressible glee, as boys and big baskets, into which little ones are to disembody, come forth!

Then the departure, the father or uncle climbing the tree—"Oh! high!" the shaking of limbs, the rattling of hundreds of chestnuts, which squirrels shall never see again, the eager picking up, the merry "oh! and ouches!" as nuts come plump down on their bare heads, the growing heap of the approaching dinner by the brook on leaves yellow as gold and in sun-light yellow still, the mysterious baskets to be opened, the cold chicken, the bread slices—ah! me! one would love to be twenty boys, or a boy twenty times over, just to experience the simple, genuine, full, unsolicited pleasure of children in a wood, with father and mother, "a nutting!"—N. Y. Independent.

WOMEN.—It is not, after all, such a delightful thing to be rich. Who would be tethered to houses and lands, or be obliged to carry about upon his shoulders a bank or a block of stores? Men are often not so much possessed of riches, as riches are possessed of them! They are slaves to their fortunes, instead of fortunes being a slave to them.

Talk about money elevating a man above the necessity of labor! It can't be done. Nothing can raise a man above the need of exertion. Even rich men must eat, and nobody can enjoy food without labor. As Poor Richard says, if a man does not need to work to find meat for his stomach, he must need to find stomach for his meat. Thus the rich need to labor no less than the poor. Labor is a glorious institution, and in most cases a fortune is the worst thing that can befall a man. Fortune may indeed furnish the table with rich viands, but labor gives a delicious taste to the hardest crust. Fortune gives ease, but labor brings with it the luxury of rest. The misery of it is, however, that like most earthly blessings, labor is very unequally distributed. One man does not work enough to give him an appetite, and dies of dyspepsia; another is condemned to ceaseless toil, until labor becomes drudgery. And so it is that work is looked upon as an evil. It was while bound to the desk at the East India House that Charles Lamb wrote thus of work:

Who first invented work, and bound the free
And hollidg relecting spirits down
To the ever banding impertinency
Of business in the green fields, and of the town—
To plow, loom, and spade, and oh! most sad,
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?
Who but the being unblest, else from good,
Sabbathless Satan? He who his ungod
Task ever piles his rotatory burnings
First round and round his wretched wheel—
For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel—
In that red ruin from which there are no returnings;
Where tolling and tumbling, wear and care,
His and his thoughts keep pensive working day.

This the poet said when he was weary, but he knew that labor was not the invention of Satan. He knew that it was a good gift perverted by human institutions. Labor is too often looked upon as only a means to an end, and that end fortune. But labor should be loved for itself. It gives health, which fortune cannot do; it keeps down evil passions, which rise at fortune's touch; it bestows the cheerful heart and the glad countenance, while fortune brings heart-ashes and wrinkles. Let us think well of labor.—Portland Transcript.

SPIRITUALISM AND CHURCH ORGANIZATION.

Of the philosophy of organization, we propose not now to write, but to call the attention of the reader to a very significant sign of the times, which seems likely, ere long, to be the general state of feeling in the "Church" regarding Spiritualism and Reform.

Spiritualism, like every new unfolding in the great volume of human life, has been baptized in the fire of opposition and persecution, and like all truth has grown to a vigorous manhood the more rapidly because of this opposition. Still, this is of the grace and wisdom of God, who hath so ordained the government of the world and the providence of things, "that where did sin abound, grace did much more abound," that the world be reformed, and otherwise can take small credit to itself for the wisdom and blessings found in the change. When Reform has been opposed by the conservative party, it has been with such violence and blind fury, that all fellowship was cut off by a determined antagonism, while the so-called friends of progress have in many ways worked the injury of Reform by such extreme issues with the good sense of the age as to make the slavery of custom desirable, and in the same way to justify the severity of criticism made by the opposing party.

Were there no middle ground or party, the hopes for reconciliation and harmony of society would be indeed dim. But thanks to God, the medium element is ever found at the right time to bring all parties into sympathy and spiritual communion. This is true of Spiritualism while we write, for the opposition called forth at the first stages of its development has given way as the conviction has come home to the honest mind, that the Spiritual phenomena had their foundation in the nature of things, and that whatever philosophy was like to ultimate from such premises was worthy of consideration and attention.

With this conviction came the medium elements which by virtue of order seek to unite all things in the fellowship of harmony by making order the handmaid of progress. Organization is but order personified and in action, and the development of any and all thought must ultimately in some such external form, as soon as its unfoldings has called into being the varying phases of culture natural to all stages of life. This or some such philosophy has forced on the attention of the Spiritual reformers the necessity of making the effort to give "form and consistency" to the future issues of the new philosophy, and not a few have already urged the claims of organization on the attention of society. To this proposition, there has been no lack of opposition, which still exists, in a modified degree, however, for now that the question is up for discussion, each mind will judge according to the knowledge and culture of its development, until the true and practical conclusion is arrived at. We are reminded of these reflections by reading in the Christian Freeman of Nov. 24th, an article under the heading, "A Word to Spiritualists."

Having seen a previous article in the same paper on "Patriot Love," we very readily comprehended the distinction made by the writer between Spiritualism and Liberalism, and think the distinction called for, that the issue of the two parties may not be confounded. The writer, however, has little to say in the present article on the follies of Liberalism, but much on the lack of wisdom evinced by those of the Spiritual family in favor of organization, and thus explains himself:

"But we have been moved to take our pen in hand at this time, by the hearing that there is a movement with a portion of those who have been identified with the above named party, but the portion to whom we have just ascribed the character of Spiritualists, to secede from that party whose lead is downward, and get up a new organization. Now this is just the matter about which we want to reason together with you. The abandonment of that downward lead we approve, but the getting up of a new organization we admonish you to refrain from. It can do no good, but will actually do harm. You may get up organizations for discussing the philosophy of any subject, or for devising ways and means for constructive action in conducting any matter of human labor. But the getting up of bulky organizations for carrying on communion with the Spirit-world, is worse than folly. It is driving away the Spiritual with the human."

Very naturally the reader asks, who is this very confident and wise writer? Is he "wiser than his fellows," or does he give reasons and facts to justify his conclusions and save him from the charge of dogmatism?

Yes, reader, he gives such facts as to him seem pertinent, no doubt, but to us they are very far from reflecting a true appreciation of the necessities of the case. The writer, if we mistake not, is the editor of the *Christian Freeman*, writing for and devoted to the interest of the Universalist denomination, but rather partial and interested in his conclusions.

We are thankful that he gives us credit for some sense and a little honesty, if indeed it may presume to classify ourselves with the Spiritualists, but we regret that he does not attach a deeper and a more important meaning to the mission of Spiritualism than to place it in fellowship with such follies as the following:

"When the Methodists have got up their sweeping 'revivals,' with the furious ministry of hell, damnation and the devil, the subjects of trances, and various impressions, were torn again of the Methodist Spirit and doctrine. They could see, in their visions, the flames of hell, and hear the roaring of Satan and the rattling of his chains, and their relations of 'experiences' were of one and the same type. So with the victims of fury under the leadership of the Orthodox Church and Finneys; and the Hapit-Knappes, and even the corrupt and filthy Cochran."

It may be the writer has done his best to be tolerant and charitable in associating the relation of Spiritualism with the above, but the well-read Spiritualist will think it a lame and an important conclusion. A conclusion unworthy of the occasion, since there is need enough for a new church organization to harmonize the "com-outer" and others who have separated from the old organizations without thinking of the deeper necessities resulting from the growth and development of Spiritualism. The conclusion is also unworthy of the man, for if we remember right, he has been in the habit of making earnest protest against those very organizations now recommended as all-sufficient for Spiritualists.

No doubt, however, the uncommunicated and heretofore despised and ridiculed Spiritualists will be profoundly grateful for the change that seems to have come over the *dreams* of some of the sectarian dogmatists, since we have the following assurance of sympathy and fellowship:

"Brothers and sisters, let your communings be placid and sweet, with the Father and the Son, and the deities of the Spirit-world, and not with the

gross Spirits of the flesh. And you will need no other organization than your existing Christian organizations. If your growth in Christian knowledge carries on your sympathies to the fellowship of a society of more enlarged views of God's paternity and Christ's mission, enter in with them. And you will find no want of sympathy, no repulsive hostility. The reason of most of the repugnance manifested by Universalists, to nominal Spiritualism, is found in the objectionable and even alarming character and tendency of the 'movement' as it has been conducted."

Surely, this is consolation to the many who have been ecclesiastically for conscience sake, from the churches now so willing to accept them. We incline to the opinion, however, that there is something in the very nature of Spiritualism that will make it necessary for its development to ultimate its own forms, since there is a general conviction that *new wine cannot work well in old bottles*. Still, good sense will see the necessity of softening the angularities of the sectarian, be he in or out of the church, since the true culture of the Spirit tends to fellowship and harmony instead of isolation and antagonism. We are pleased, therefore, with this peace-offering, and hope it may be productive of good to all parties, but we hope, also, our Universalist friends will remember, it is as far from our house to theirs as it is from *theirs* to ours, the plain meaning of which is, that there may be in their forms of worship, their theology, and much that they do and say for us to object to as there is for them, of "an alarming character and tendency" in the "movement" of Spiritualism.

The philosophy of Spiritualism will have to work out its own salvation, after all, for there are so many conflicting interests in our present church organizations, that we cannot see how harmony could come of such relations of the new and the old.

This is clear, however, to the man and woman of Spiritual culture, that inasmuch as the church has been the monitor of religious discipline to such as may have enjoyed its culture, others may still be benefited by the same teachings and instructions. Impertinence to those, therefore, who may not have made the same use of their culture, is as objectionable to the healthy mind as the bigotry and intolerance that abuses power in crushing the intellect that dares to call in question the infallibility of any dogma, be it ever so sacred to the popularisms of society.

We call the attention of the reader, therefore, to the necessity of caution, in making issues with the present church organizations, hoping that in all the relations of life, there will be purity of motive, emulation for a higher life, and discrimination in adapting means to ends.

If this is done, the question of organizations, old or new, will be easy of settlement and harmonized all in good time. Each day has its lesson, and each night its admonition, so that what is *not plain* to-day, may be plain and palpable to sense with the morrow, so that all things will work for the progress and culture of those who seek the truth in the love of it.

"SPIRITUAL ANNEXATION."

Some two months since it was our privilege to introduce the Rev. Uriah Clark to a friend of ours from Brooklyn, remarking that Mr. C. was a Spiritualist, and therefore interested in the progress of the cause of Spiritual reform now agitating the age. We proposed to our friend that he should interest others, and get up a meeting for the next Sunday, with the understanding that the Rev. U. Clark should lecture morning and evening, other speakers being present in the afternoon to the Conference. As this friend was well known to us, we said much more to the effect that he would interest himself and others in this work, as Mr. Clark was ready and willing to give the helping hand, wherever there was any prospect of success or doing good.

The following Sunday a small congregation was brought together by a limited notice, who promised to meet for a few weeks, to test the propriety of meeting regularly every Sunday, for the investigation of Spiritualism.

During these Sundays, Mr. Clark, Mr. Randolph, and J. H. W. Tooley, and other public speakers were generally present, and each took part in the meetings, supposing the development and spread of Spiritualism the one thing to be desired above all others.

In a few weeks sympathizing friends were found, anxious and willing to sustain a place for regular meeting, the only thing needing particular attention was the character of the platform to be established.

This question was doubly important, as it was necessary to get the means to sustain lectures and conferences, but very essential to progress and harmony, that the aims and purposes of these meetings should be known. This conviction was general, while the views of most present were peculiar in some phase or other of reform, which by them were considered all important. This difference was very natural, as some had worked for reform on other platforms, and attached great importance to such questions as were considered by them most fundamental to the general issues of progress. These views were very naturally developed, as each stated what he was willing to support, and explained the character of the platform to which he was willing to be pledged. As there had been a great deal of talk and little work, and little or no progress, some of the Brooklyn friends asked us to draw up "something" which we thought likely to meet the necessities of the case.

Under these circumstances we drew up the preamble and resolutions, which have already appeared in this paper, in connection with some remarks on the organization of the "Brooklyn Society."

In the *Spiritual Telegraph* of November 25, under the head of "Spiritual Annexation," we find an article from the pen of Mr. Tappan Townsend, purporting to be a report of "the action taken by the Brooklyn Spiritualists," which, by implication and charge, makes us rather officious, while it makes public the charge of the Rev. U. Clark against the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," "for unwarrantable interference on the part of a representative," "with reference to his course."

The mistakes of Mr. Townsend we should have passed by in silence, considering them the natural results of a memory not over exact, did not the charge of Mr. Clark make an explanation imperative.

We cannot but regret, however, that Mr. Townsend has acted as he has, in sight of the fact that he was present at the meeting he calls the "last" in his report, and heard our remarks to Mr. Clark, which explained what *was said*, and why it *was said*, not a word of which he refers to. If, therefore, we have to be somewhat direct and personal in our remarks, the blame must rest primarily with Mr. Clark, who lacked sincerity and honesty in making the issue he did with the "Society" or its representative, (although such representative never even had a being,) and secondly, with Mr. Tappan Townsend, who had not discretion enough to let a bad thing rest. We say bad, for it could be nothing less, when one person makes a false charge for the purpose of justifying his lack of consistency and integrity of purpose; and another person makes such charge public in order to place an opposing party in an objectionable position.

We are thus introduced by Mr. Townsend in the article referred to:

"At the succeeding meeting, held the 29th ult., owing to the inclemency of the weather, there was but a small attendance. In the absence of Mr. Ryerson and the minutes of the previous meeting, J. H. W. Tooley, Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, and apparently in some sort the representative of the 'Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge,' presented the following preamble and resolutions, which he supported in an able speech, and which were further supported by Uriah Clark, P. B. Randolph, and others."

Now, this extract, short as it is, has a number of statements likely to be misunderstood, implying as they do, a good deal too much. In the first place, we never acted as the representative of this Society in what we did for the cause in Brooklyn, but acted on our own responsibility entirely. In the next place, Mr. Tooley would have done just what he did had Mr. Ryerson and the minutes of the previous meeting been present, and we are sadly at a loss to know why our action is tagged on to the absence of the Secretary, without it is to make the whole thing unofficial and out of place.

After copying the resolutions, we find the following remarks:

"The preamble and resolutions as above printed are not precisely as first offered, for, feeling insuperable objections to several parts of them, I made several motions to amend, which, after considerable discussion, were adopted. The fifth and last resolution was added entire upon my motion, and the whole, as above, is the amended copy. When the final vote to adopt was about to be put, finding that the few present were determined to press the question to an immediate vote, I offered a motion to strike out that portion of the first resolution that would make our Brooklyn Society auxiliary to the 'Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge,' and which was therein declared to be the 'Parent Society.' This motion was not prompted by any hostility to the so-called 'Parent Society,' but because I knew that many Spiritualists were not willing to admit the assumptions of that Society, and were opposed strongly to the idea of Spiritual centralization; and I was, moreover, anxious that the meeting should adopt nothing that would so narrow our platform that those most widely differing in sentiment could not with entire freedom occupy it."

The first of these remarks is so nearly false, that the faintest shade of truth in them, saves them from general condemnation. The preamble is "as first offered," and the resolutions the same to all practical purposes, for the only modifications made after an hour's discussion, was to drop the line, "And this Society shall be known in law," as it was considered superfluous, and to leave a blank in the fourth resolution, for each to give in proportion to his means, instead of one dollar the month, as was at first proposed. If these call for "insuperable objections," we must say, the writer accepts consolation with as much ease as he gives himself credit for doing next to nothing; for the omissions in no way better the resolutions, as they were printed word for word as they were written and passed, with the above modifications. The difficulty, however, was and is in the clause that made the Brooklyn Society auxiliary to the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," for Mr. Townsend, whether he cherishes any "hostility" to the "Parent Society" or not, gave every indication that he was in no way in fellowship with it. We don't know that the fellowship of Mr. Townsend is at all necessary to the success of this Society, or any other; but if it is, we will have to do without it, pledged as he is to oppose any and all organizations that has not an *imaginary* something about it, which he does not find in this.

The assumptions and presumptions of the above reasons for opposing the "Parent Society," however, are amusing, because they imply narrowness of platform, and intolerance to those holding "widely differing sentiments" on Spiritual phenomena. These imputations may be more easily made than sustained, and until sustained by something like fact, in the history of this Society, must pass with the honest thinker as convenient clap-traps to develop side issues. The most amusing item in the above, however, is the *quiet way* in which Mr. Townsend takes the whole Spiritual family into his kind care and keeping, in telling us "I was, moreover, anxious that the meeting should adopt nothing that would so narrow our platform," &c.

The assumption of infallibility and scientific accuracy is here so paternally put on—that we feel amused with the innocence that makes it, rather than pained by the intelligence that could allow itself thus to dogmatize. "The Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge" is well aware, and its very existence was premised on the knowledge that many Spiritualists ("so-called") were not willing to admit the assumptions of society organizations, and therefore opposed to all Spiritual centralization, because the *dogma* of Individualism has got to be quite popular with many of our latter-day philosophers. With this class of thinkers, however, the Society has no issue, because their voice of protest may be needful, and therefore useful in certain departments; but when a body of men, such as are presented in this Society, unite for reformatory and philanthropic purposes, are charged with an attempt to establish anything that may "tend to prevent the fullest fraternization of all investigators and believers in the Spiritual phenomena," the charge is made in ignorance of the men, and their published sentiments.

This whole discussion, however, springs from the dogmatism of Mr. Townsend, for he knows that a majority of the friends in attendance were in favor of organization, and so far in favor of "centralization," as to be auxiliary to the Society in New York City. The law of majorities may sometimes give its influence to a false conclusion, or an improper issue, and be tyrannical in many of its ultimatums, but that majorities have rights as well as minorities must be self-evident to Mr. Townsend. Why not leave those agreeing in organization, then, to do their work, in such way as may best express their convictions of the good and true?

We ask this question, because Mr. Townsend found it necessary to give way and vote for the resolutions, that he might have the right to bore the next meeting by making a motion to reconsider such items as were obnoxious to his feelings. We say bore, because the subject had received all the discussion likely to do good, Mr. Townsend and others being authority.

It was on convictions like these, we predicated the remark that Mr. Townsend's "motion" would be a direct insult to the Society, without good and sufficient reasons could be given for such change.

The following extract will elaborate this point:

"At the succeeding meeting, which was the last, I briefly recapitulated the previous action, and stated my object voting as I did in the affirmative, and then proposed to make a motion to reconsider the vote by which the preamble and resolutions were adopted. Hereupon, and before I made the motion, the editor of the *Christian Spiritualist* made a speech, in which, among other things, he

said that he should regard the reconsideration of the vote, with such an object as I had proposed, viz., to amend by striking out the name and the clause making the Society auxiliary to the 'Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge,' a direct insult, and particularly as the preamble and resolutions had been published in the *Christian Spiritualist* with the approbation of the previous meeting."

When the resolutions were adopted, we were particular to ask the meeting if they should be published, as we wished to do nothing that had not their sanction and approbation, and when a general consent was given, Mr. Townsend himself agreeing, we concluded that the adoption was final. Instead of this, it proved to be a ruse on the part of Mr. Townsend, judging from his published confession as well as his conduct. How far such conduct is calculated to harmonize men, be they Spiritualists or not, we leave for others to say, but to us, it has all the bad faith and trickery of the political platform, rather than the candid and honest dealing of the truth-lover and tolerant Spiritualist. In these times when the intolerance and tyranny of organizations are the very present themes for flippant remarks and off-hand condemnation by the philosopher *par excellence*, it would be well if some one would enlighten the age as to such points of courtesy and right as will enable the ignorant to comprehend their true value, for we fail to recognize much of either in Mr. Townsend's conduct, since he takes advantage of the trickery of parliamentary usage to make confusion where he failed of success.

We should have confined our notice of Mr. Townsend to a very few lines, did not his case give the reflecting mind the proper opportunity to observe the value of that retiring modesty, which ignores all aids, auxiliaries, or helping societies, because such connection may interfere with the nothingness of a platform that invites every issue, from individualism that ignores all government to the anti-marriage crusade now blighting the age. We don't know that Mr. Townsend belongs to either of these parties, but his platform is pledged to the adoption of all such issue, without it is guarded by the wise caution and holy prudence of social order and gradual progress. Our mission is not to quarrel, however, with those differing from us, for as Tristram Shandy said to the fly, "there is room enough in the world for both of us," but to invite to cooperation and fellowship such as may agree with us, for the age needs workers rather than disputants, deeds rather than words.

We shall be brief in our notice of Mr. Clark as we have already extended our remarks beyond our first impression. The issue is made by Mr. Clark, that the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge" is to be ignored, because a "representative" has unwarrantably interfered in his course, which the following explains:

"Uriah Clark, in an explanatory speech, informed the audience that his views had changed since the last meeting, and that he was now opposed to the Brooklyn Society becoming auxiliary to any other. This change seemed to have been occasioned by what Mr. Clark considered an unwarrantable interference on the part of a representative of the 'Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge,' with reference to his own course, since the preceding meeting."

To explain the character of this "unwarrantable interference," we wish the reader to call to mind the way in which the Brooklyn Society had its origin. It is necessary also, that he should be informed that we have known Mr. Clark for ten or twelve years, and have been in the habit of exchanging views, giving advice and even criticizing one another freely. With this knowledge, the reader will be able to attach the true value to Mr. Clark's issue, after reading the following explanation. Mr. Clark had lectured some Sundays for the Brooklyn Society, during which time they learned that his style as a speaker was not to their liking, and therefore, were anxious to have a change. This change they repeated, as Mr. Clark had agreed to supply the Society with lectures at so much per Sunday. As the change did not come, dissatisfaction with Mr. Clark's course prompted criticism, which was very freely indulged in by many persons in private, which became more severe when it was known that Mr. Clark was getting up the Society as his movement. That Mr. C. had the undoubted right to have a Society, no one questioned, if he found persons willing and able to sustain such an enterprise, but such was not the case with the Brooklyn Society. But what displeased some of the Brooklyn friends mostly, was Mr. Clark's *care-pulling* for office in the organization, for he urged on the attention of some of the necessity of putting him in "President of the Society," so as to get the start of Mr. Townsend and his clique. Soon as we learned these items, we resolved to speak to Mr. Clark on the subject, and make him acquainted with the private views and feelings of some of the Brooklyn Society, because we dislike this *unhealthy* modesty or delicacy that will not speak the truth to the face of those subject to criticism. We did speak to Mr. Clark, and we thought in the mildest and kindest manner, making such suggestions as we thought most pertinent to the necessities of the case. Among other things, we hinted at the necessity of Mr. Clark's taking notice of the charges brought against him by the Universalist denomination, because it was due to him as an act of justice, that his innocence be proved, and it was due to society that we vindicate Spiritualists from the charge of accepting in fellowship cast-off and immoral men, in our eagerness to build up a "sect." All this was spoken of and much more to the effect, in doing which we thought our conduct "unwarrantable" as an old acquaintance and a Spiritualist. The change in Mr. Clark's conduct during the week can be accounted for from these facts, sudden as the conversion is, if any one wishes to come to a conclusion. The conclusion we have come to is by no means flattering to Mr. Clark, since we think any man, however intellectually qualified, however capable to instruct in a school room or a caucus, is not qualified to take a part in the development of true Spiritualism, which is manhood and heroism, who is not above trickery and intrigue.

And in conclusion, we hope Mr. Clark will not only meet the issue of the Universalists, but be very cautious in future how he gets up side issues to hide his own come-shorts, for if he is blind to the moral obligations he owes to Spiritualism and the friends of progress, he may be sure distributive justice will sooner or later punish all who attempt to ignore the moral order of society and the strict demands of equity.

So much we have felt called on to say in our behalf, not because the Society needs vindication. So far as we have the means of knowing, the Society and its enterprises are acceptable to the Christian Spiritualists of the age; and many others, intelligent persons, not committed fully to Spiritualism. The vindication which the Society will offer when called on, will be a history of deeds, consistent alike with the Christian name and the promise it made to the age—in its CHARTER.

Since writing the above, we have received the *Troy Daily Times*, of November 24, containing a letter of the Rev. U. Clark. The object of this letter is to make such corrections as the published charges of the Universalist denomination against Mr. Clark, make necessary. He vindicates himself in a positive and determined manner, and changes entirely the character of the issue.

Of the truth of either statement we know little, and must therefore consider ignorance bliss, until we have more light.

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LECTURES IN BEHALF OF THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

We are happy in being able to inform the reader, that the hint expressed in the last paper is about to become a fact, as we are authorized to give notice that Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Fowler, will lecture at No. 655 Sixth-avenue, Monday evening, December 11, at half-past seven o'clock. Subject—"FORMATION OF CHARACTER."

We are happy that the opening lectures in these Rooms are to be given by the above well-known Phrenologists, as the Gospel as preached by them is impartial, and freed from every shade of sectarianism. The Ragged School Enterprise should be unsectarian in all its relations, so that all parties may feel free to give, as the children of all nations and religions will find a welcome in its charity.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that all lectures delivered in these Rooms will be practical and philanthropic, rather than theoretical and theological.

The gas has been introduced into these Rooms, and every convenience consistent with the limited means of the enterprise.

We hope the friends will bear in mind the Fair, and those having anything to give, will direct the same to No. 553 BROADWAY.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

MR. EDITOR: The following is taken from the correspondence of the New York Tribune, November 3:

"The Rev. Charles Bartlett, aged about 40, a member of the New York Eastern Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, stationed at Darien, Conn., committed suicide by hanging with a strap, in the wood house, this morning, in a state of temporary insanity. His health has been impaired for some months past. He was beloved and respected in the community."

I confess myself a little surprised that it has not been noticed by yourself or the Telegraph before this. I am not much surprised at not having seen it in any other secular paper, save the Tribune; but if the Rev. Mr. B. had been a Spiritualist, we should have seen it copied in at least half the papers in New York.

The morbid state of the press generally upon the subject of Spiritualism is to me a matter of astonishment! Editors are usually men of progress, and that they should cry humbug, devil, &c., upon this subject, is truly surprising.

They must acknowledge as a self-evident fact, that nothing displays a man's ignorance more than for him to condemn a subject which he professes to know nothing about, and which, by the way, he has not moral courage to investigate; Spiritualists know, that if the subject is honestly and properly investigated, a conviction of its truth will most inevitably follow.

The Rev. Mr. Bartlett was a highly respected and much beloved minister of the Gospel; yet in a moment of "temporary insanity" he committed suicide! Was it the fault of religion? Is the Methodist Episcopal Church to be prosecuted and branded with infamy for this? Certainly not! Then with what show of justice can these men brand with infamy Spiritualism, because some unfortunate creature, who happens to be a Spiritualist, in a moment of "temporary insanity" commits suicide!

But I have observed lately, that the press, (at least at the North,) is getting a little timid about what they say upon the subject of Spiritualism, except perhaps such as disregarding all truth, hatches up such falsehoods as the case said to have taken place at the Essex Market Police Court, referred to in your paper of Nov. 18. The truth is in this enlightened day, the cry of "humbug" has lost its potency, men laugh at the stale cry, as it is frequently said that he who thus cries, is himself the "humbug."

N. Y. Nov. 27, 1854.

A SPIRITUAL THANKSGIVING.

WEST ROXBURY, Nov. 25th, 1854.

The two mediums became entranced, and each seeing the same scene, they described a Spirit of intelligent and loving countenance standing before them, bearing a scroll. He lays his hand upon them, and blessing them, bids them read these words successively.

TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.

We, God's agents, bring you a declaration; the right of man to man, of Spirit to Spirit, saying, the immortal doth and can mingle with the mortal body, and bring words from our city unto your cities.

Our presiding officers rule supreme, as long as justice, truth, and love hold the sway, and as we love one another in the natural law draws us, the Spirit of departed men, to give you that counsel which you demand, and we consent to give. These two laws must mingle together, love begets love, sympathy draws friendship. You have appointed a day of thanksgiving and praise to God for his boundless mercy and for the prosperity of your country. We, too, have our appointed day with you, in which we render our Thanksgiving to God the Father, for his great gift to man in giving us the Spirit, power and strength, and love to hold open the gates of Eternity, and let Spirits pass in and out; for giving us the temples of mortals to guard and give freely, from the ocean of Eternity, knowledge of that state of that part of man's existence, which the Father created in His own image to live with Him, ages after ages forever.

Friends, one and all, with your feasting we will join our Thanksgiving of teachings. We have prepared a banquet to which we invite you freely and most cordially. We will be the carriers of water, that you may drink and thirst no more. The well of Eternity is deep, and angels draw from it daily, and hand to us, the Spirits. We bear it to you. Accept, then, (arry not, come to the banquet, for it is near ready.

Friends invite you to sit down; they have robes of divine light around them. They say unto you, touch me not yet, wait till ye have arisen with us, then joy and peace, hope and love will be upon you and yours, unto all time for Eternity.

The medium says: This Thanksgiving scene we may go and describe, and we shall remember it—Will it not be pleasant while sitting at our table to think of the Spirits at theirs?

THX SCENE. I am in a boundless space, no blue above, no blue below, but there seems to be a continued day, a luminous light. As far as the eye can extend, I see a column of faces, each Spirit bearing a record. If you could only see the innumerable faces, column after column, row above row, still

above and beyond, each bearing a record, and they look around to catch the expression, as they meet face to face. 'Tis friends long since gone into Eternity, bearing the record of how and in each way they have whispered words into the dear one's heart. It is indeed a feast of joys. They come to learn how the tidings have been received on earth.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

ONEKIN, Ohio, Nov. 27, 1854.

As your paper is open as a channel for truth, it may not be uninteresting to your readers to hear a little of this progressive town.

About nineteen years ago a Mr. Shepard with a few others came to this place, then a dense wilderness, two miles from a public road, commenced felling the trees, and soon laid the foundation for a prosperous town and one of the most celebrated schools in America.

The school has ranged from 800 to 1000 scholars at a time latterly, and mostly boarders from different sections of the country. Among those have been a few colored people, about a dozen generally, and by the rules of the school and the public opinion hereabout, color is not an objection to a man, if otherwise equally meritorious. Practically those who object to sit upon the same seat or walk upon the same side-walk, are not compelled to do so, but are left at full liberty to select such companions as their affinities may desire.

The town has about two thousand inhabitants, and is a beautiful village, and I understand rum has never been retailed here but once, when on a certain commencement day a stranger brought in a keg called sweet cider, but it was soon found to contain the evil one and was summarily disposed of.

This village has no resident lawyer, although occasionally they consult one at Elyria, eight miles distant. In regard to doctors, they are not so fortunate as several are here, and generally manage to keep themselves employed. In regard to churches, they also present an anomaly, as there is but one church here, and that of the Congregational order. Even the Romanists have not as yet been able to get a foothold in this puritan town.

For the first number of years each family in the village were regular church members, but latterly, the whole two thousand have not professed the faith of their fathers.

Rev. Charles G. Finney, the great revival preacher, formerly traveling through New England and New York, is the President of the College and the head of the theological department.

As many east will remember, he is a man of great originality and power, and has nearly as much boldness as H. Ward Beecher. In preaching he is not apt to denounce the sins of Babylon, but generally strikes home at the frauds and evil practices of the rich and selfish of his own hearers. While in New York city some years since, in preaching to the merchants, he estimated that at least nine-tenths of them who were regular churchmen, would cheat their neighbors in their ordinary dealings of a week day.

You in Gotham, can readily imagine that such truths were not well relished by the upper church gentry.

The celebrated Rev. Antoinette Brown and Lucy Stone graduated at this place, and many other ladies of wide reputation.

The faculty consists of ten professors, mostly Reverends, among whom is Rev. James Munroe, a young man of some learning with many progressive ideas.

I must say, however, that this community is much further developed in ordinary matters than in theology.

Yours &c.,

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Dec. 1st., 1854.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.—The cause here is progressing slowly; not so many new believers are being made, as those who already believe begin to feel the importance of working in the great field for the regeneration of man.

The Spiritual Universe, a weekly sheet published here, has a circulation of about 1200, and is standing on a good basis. The editor and proprietor, S. Ward Smith, deserves great credit for his unselfish devotion to the cause, and a man of his earnestness and zeal cannot fail to be an important worker in the great cause. The most of his circulation and patronage comes from the country, where Spiritualism seems to find more congeniality than in cities generally.

The friends here during the summer have neglected to keep up regular circles, but find the want of them now, and are beginning to move in the matter.

Brother Finney is in the field, and with other associates has called a Convention for Ohio, to meet at Painesville the 15th inst. It is hoped that the meeting may result in something practical, and not end in mere smoke.

There is much desire to hear Gov. Tallmadge, Mr. Tooley, and other lecturers here.

